

PONOKA HERALD.

EUGENE RHIAN, Editor and Proprietor.

—A PROGRESSIVE PAPER IN A PROGRESSIVE TOWN.—

Subscription \$1.00 per year

VOLUME II.

PONOKA, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 1 1902

NUMBER 48.

DIRECTORY.

D. C. Postoffice of Ponoka.

MAIL GOING SOUTH CLOSE AT THIS OFFICE AS FOLLOWS: 12:15 p.m. Monday and Friday. 12:30 p.m. Thursday.

TUESDAY, THURS., SAT. 10:45 a.m. MAIL GOING SOUTH CLOSE. WE ARE NOT ON SATURDAY. 10:45 a.m. 2nd Office hours from 8 A. M. to 7 P. M. F. E. ALLEN P. M.

C. & E. Time Table.

GOING SOUTH
Monday, Wed. & Friday 10:30 p.m.
Tues., Thurs. & Sat. 10:25 p.m.

GOING SOUTH
Monday, Wed. Friday 10:25 a.m.
Tuesday, Thurs. & Sat. 11:15 a.m.

Ponoka Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN Service at 10:30 a.m. on the first Sunday every month. Sabbath school at 10:30 a.m. Christian Endeavor at 8 P.M. Wednesday evenings. Dr. J. A. Bain, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH OF
C. & E. Service Sunday at 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at 6:30 p.m. Prayer meeting 8:30 p.m. on Friday evenings. Dr. W. H. Jones invited. Thos. T. Painter, Pastor.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Services held first and third Sunday in each month at 3:30 p.m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC. Services in the school house at 10:30 on the first Sunday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL.

CHARLES PATCHETT,

UNDERTAKER.

Full stock of Funeral Goods.

Prices Moderate.

PONOKA : : : ALBERTA.

ALBERT E. SAGE

UNDERTAKER.

Full stock of Coffins and Caskets.

PONOKA : : : ALBERTA.

ANGUS A. DRINNAN.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Offices Mr. McNamee's Drug Store.

PONOKA : : : ALBERTA.

Fraternal.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS. Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month at 8:00 p.m. A cordial invitation to all visiting members.

WILLIAM M. JONES,
Eugene Rhiān, Chief Ranger,
R. S. & S. N.

JOHN C. RATHBUN,

Carpenter..
AND
Builder.

Will contract for Complete Building or work by day.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

PRICES RIGHT.

WORK GUARANTEED.

Enquire of A. REID or address me at

Ponoka, Alberta.

Dentistry

DR. J. CHRISTIE,

Licentiate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

Will visit Ponoka every...

Friday and Saturday

with a view to locating permanently.

When desired

Teeth Extracted without Pain.

Dressmaking.

Nearly and
Promptly Done.

Mrs. L. M. CARSON,

Chapman Ave.

CANADA LETTER.

Opinions of a Former South Dakota Publisher Who Is Now a Resident of Alberta.

The following is an extract from a letter written by D. C. Tiffany, published in a recent issue of the Salem (S. D.) Register:

Having just returned to Ponoka from a two weeks' trip some six weeks ago to the eastward, I would like to share my impressions. This is a country seemingly a stock country, although splendid oats and barley are raised. When in the experimental stage except tributary to Edmonton, where it is raised in great quantities. Edmonton paid out \$25,000 in one month for grain. Grains makes very slow growth before July, and one can hardly believe in the state would be next two or three years if no one seems to be caring about it.

People are coming in crowds sing

"Come along, come along, and make no delay."

Come from every nation, come from every clime, and bring with them a spirit of enterprise and a desire to succeed.

The soil here is rich enough and dry, but not barren. For Canada is broad enough to give a man a farm."

However, there is a great deal of opportunity here, but the land may all be utilized in time. A

stable stock is raised each year in the unbroken bottomless places. It is impossible to load a head anywhere at the present time. I had great difficulty in getting a team to pull a load of grain in an open wagon.

It will cost a great deal in time and money to get good roads, and the lack of them will be a serious drawback to the development of the country.

It is impossible to know the exact amount it will take to turn the town into a city, but it is estimated to be \$100,000.

There have been three snowstorms here—the last one on June 1st—none of them did the least harm, except to the trees.

A few people start to plant their bushes loaded with blossoms and snow on the same time and witness the snow disappear without the slightest sign of frostiness.

The country will be "alive" with blossoms almost

fruit.

There are splendid openings now in the vicinity of Buffalo Lake for ranches, for it is rough enough to suit the most exacting and the best kind of cattle and horses.

The Willow Creek country is attracting settlers at present and nearly all the land in several townships has been located. Railroad land sells for \$4.50 per acre, and there is but one half mile to the nearest station, although fifty miles from railroad. The land is being rapidly bought in adjoining townships. Like the general idea of country better than along the line of the railway. The country is more open and lower than the rugged, generally rolling country. Besides there is an abundance of good coal along Willow and Big Knife creeks and Bear River. There is more open country and it will develop more rapidly than the prairie lands.

There are many open country and very poor people here and a few of the well to do are making nice homes, as they should where it would seem to require so little effort to make an attractive home. All units in the town have the best part of the year.

I suspect it is because they have good roads and are not pestered with the mosquitoes. *

D. C. TIFFANY.

Ring Theft.

Mrs. John W. Lyons was ar

raigned before Justices C. D. Al

car and A. C. Hare today on the

charge of theft of a gold ring from

H. McDermott's jewelry store here.

After a careful consideration of the

circumstances surrounding the case

the accused was dismissed on sus

pended sentence of one year upon

the return of the stolen property.



At Ponoka Saturday,
Aug. 9, 1902.

A FULL ATTENDANCE DESIRED.

Turn Out and Express Your
Views on Creamery
Matters.

Money Saved!!

By Buying Your

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS, SHOES, Etc.
From Us.

We buy for Cash. We sell for Cash or Produce, which enables us to give you Goods at Close Prices. We have only our prices and it is marked in Plain Figures...

FOLLOW THE CROWDS AND GET THESE BARGAINS.

We are Headquarters for Good Goods at Lowest Prices.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.

Fairley & Walker.

PONOKA, ALBERTA.



PROMPT METHODS

THE ABILITY TO DO ANYTHING

And the desire to achieve Success

in anything undertaken are requirements of the successful people.

Thinking Work done by us

is of the Satisfactory kind. Strength

and endurance are also required for the

greatest success.

Fullest Attention Given to Details and the Material

Used is of Lasting Quality.

W. H. SPACKMAN. Ponoka.

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THE HERALD.

Published at Ponoka, Alberta, every Friday morning.

EUGENE RHIAN, Proprietor.

All bills rendered the 1st of the month.

Subscription \$1.00 in advance.

All communications intended for publication in the current issue should reach this office the preceding Tuesday. Correspondence from surrounding country earnestly solicited. Advertising rates on application.

Correspondence.

Nebraska Settlement:
The warm weather is making garden and crops look fine.

Mrs. John McMillen has been at the parental home under the care of her mother but was able to return home last Tuesday.

Mrs. Charley Reed bought a good milk cow of Mrs. Robert Ferguson.

The school house is getting there. We hope it will be an honor to the neighborhood and its builders.

W. O. Bates raised D.R. Devereaux's house which had settled on blocks.

Geo. DeGroff with his men is away putting up hay for the Pulney ranch.

Our ball team played Pleasant Valley the 24th ult. coming out as usual on top. Ask our captain Henry Clough how many tallies each received.

Charley Reed has dug his well thirty five feet with good prospect for water.

A few have commenced haying. Mr. Gardner is opening up a fine field. He will have thirty acres plowed before haying.

The Morrell brothers were at Ponoka last week and brought out their binder and other things.

July 23rd at the call of our J. P., Mr. Hare, we met at his home to clean and fence a graveyard in a beautiful grove. About ten lots were taken. If everything goes our way which we hope it will we will have a Union Church building on said grounds the same being donated by Mr. Hare. A general store would do well to locate there as it is a central location.

WANT COLUMN.

Estray.

One roan cow branded on right hip #9. Owner must prove property and pay expenses. Apply Sec. I-43-23.

For Sale.

A car of yearling and a car of two-year-old heifers, all first class stock, for sale after July 12, at reasonable prices. A. L. BALL.

Notice.

To whom it may concern. You are hereby notified that settlements for land on the Sharphead Indian Reserve can be made through this office free of any charge for all necessary correspondence.

C. C. REED
Sub Agent Dominion Lands,

Special Notice

We again urge upon those owing us on book account to call and settle soon. We desire to make a change of business and must have these matters settled. A prompt compliance with this request will greatly oblige us.

CASE & FISHER

Grand Picnic

There will be a grand picnic given by the residents of the Nebraska school district, 14 miles east of Ponoka on September 3, 1902. A program of outdoor amusements will be given. Appropriate addresses will also be given. The public generally cordially invited.

Taken up.

One bay horse, weight about 1200, crooked ears, branded T on left hip and shoulder. One bay horse, weight about 1200, brand A over stirrup on left shoulder and figure 5 on left left leg. Owner please call and get same. 3 miles west of town.

GEO. B. WHITE.

...LAND...

LAND

LAND

If you want land, see us before buying. We can sell you any kind of land you want. We are selling more land than any one. We are farmers and don't depend on selling land for a living. We will show you land free of charge, for we have our own rigs. If you have land to sell, list it with us.

Three miles southeast of Ponoka.

W. N. Shafft. * * * E. I. Larsen.

HOT! HOT! HOT!

Well, let's go and get a good cold Milk Shake or Ice Cream and some Fresh Fruit at.....

B. C. GROAT'S CONFECTIONERY STORE.

You know he keeps a Full Line of Soft Drinks, Choice Candies, Cigars, Tobaccos, etc. etc.

I kindly solicit a share of your trade.

Next Door to HERALD OFFICE.

B. C. GROAT.

THE FAIRYBANK STORE.

A FULL STOCK OF

General Merchandise.

AT PONOKA PRICES.

At the

Fairybank Post Office.

W. J. EARL.

J. SIMINGTON.

J. A. DALTON

Simington & Dalton

CARPENTERS

—AND—

CONTRACTORS

...Fine Inside Work a Specialty...

Estimates Cheerfully Given. All work Guaranteed.

SIMINGTON & DALTON, CHIPMAN AVENUE, PONOKA.

Brighten Your Home Ornament Your Rooms

Weekly Free Press, Winnipeg

and

The Herald, Ponoka

For \$1.75.

Including 22 Handsome Colored Reproductions
of World Famous Paintings.

Sporting Military Farm

Landscape Figure

And Other Attractive Subjects

Ten pictures sent on receipt of order and one every month during currency of subscription—22 pictures in all

ALL GEMS

The ten picture set are now on view at this office.

Call and See Them.

New House and Newly Furnished.

Rates:
\$1 and \$2 per day.

Hotel Leland

SELLARS & McCUE, Props.

Ponoka, Alta.

The Bar is stocked with a Fine Stock of Liquors and Cigars.

Pioneer Barn.



W. M. JONES, Prop.

DRAWING
Promptly
DONE.

C. P. R. LAND GUIDE.

Special attention to care of FARMERS' TEAMS.

Promptness - always - our - Specialty.

W. R. Courtright & Son,

THE LEADING:

Lumber Dealers.

MOLINE FARM IMPLEMENTS
DEERING HARVESTING MACHINERY

Also represent the WAWANESA MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

...Brick House...

...Newly Furnished.

...Everything strictly First-Class...

ROYAL HOTEL.

S. LARENDEAU, Prop.
T. LAVOL, Manager.

The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars.

The cuisine is equal to the leading hotels in Alberta.

Special attention to commercial trade. Rates \$1 to \$2 per day.

* W. E. TURNER & CO. *

Dealers in

Native and Coast Lumber.

SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS,
SHINGLES AND LATH.

PRICES AS LOW AS GOOD GOODS WILL ALLOW.

Ponoka, Alta.

LAND! LAND!

Thousands of Acres of Choice

C. P. R. LAND

For Sale on Easy Terms of Payment.

PURCHASERS DRIVEN FREE.

W. N. TRIMBLE, Guide.

T. J. WEST, Local Agent.

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

DODD BROS...

Harness Saddlery.

We are Up-to-Date in Harness, Whips, Brades, Saddles, Currycombs, Fly Sheets, Telescopes and Traveling Bags.

OUR REPAIRING IS FIRST-CLASS AND GUARANTEED.

Ponoka and District.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

Creamery meeting the 9th.

Mrs. F. E. Robertson visited several days at the home of W. A. McCann.

Henry Hossimer, wife and baby were in from twelve miles east Monday.

A new fence has been erected by the C. P. R. section hands around the station grounds.

B. C. Davidson was in from his farm in 43-1. He is busy improving his own and his father's places.

The pulpit and railing in the Methodist church has been oiled and varnished which gives it a much improved appearance.

John Hageman this week purchased of Gilbert Lunde a quarter of land in 15-44-2 one of the most desirable in B. the Blidman country.

F. E. Crawford is erecting a substantial barn on his place south west of the village. Frank is one of the hustlers who are bound to succeed in Alberta.

An impromptu dance in the Hertz building Tuesday night furnished a pleasant evening's entertainment for about forty of the young people.

George White has under course of construction a barn, the dimensions of which are 48 x 50 feet. George has a fine place and believes in improving it.

Friends of Mrs. A. J. Crandall, northwest of town, are pleased to learn that she is gradually recovering from her attack of dropsy. Dr. Drinnan is attending her.

Lewis Iddings of Mapleton, Iowa, through Edmond Christie, has purchased the south 1/2-25-41-26 making for him a fine section in one body which he expects to improve next season.

Cole & Linton have been applying the paint brush to the village freely the past couple of weeks. Among the jobs just completed are F. C. Case's, R. K. Allan's residence and H. H. Hertz's pool room.

R. K. Allan desires the HERALD to state to the man who took the coulter off one of his breaking plows the other night night that if the guilty party will return the coulter nothing more will be said or done about the matter.

Ges. Richardson was in from the Blidman settlement the first of the week. Only for twelve miles of impassable road through a belt of timber between here and there, there would be about 150 families in his settlement make Ponoka their trading point.

Frank J. Rosenberry arrived last week from Nebraska accompanied by Frank Dobrovolsky. He and his brother and others will establish a large cattle ranch about thirty miles west of the village. They are men of considerable means, good rustlers and no doubt will find their new location a profitable one.

F. J. Hippock left Wednesday for Lacombe. From there he will leave in company with H. R. Foulger on a trip to the Rocky Mountain House, an old Hudson Bay Co. post 80 miles west of here. From this place they will descend the Saskatchewan to Edmonton. The trip is made for the purpose of inspecting the timber on the river with a view to rafting the logs down the stream for an extensive lumber industry at Edmonton.

Creamery Meeting 2 p. m. Saturday, August 9.

Mrs. H. A. Finch is down from Wetaskiwin.

J. D. McGillivray transacted business in Edmonton this week.

Grand Meadow school district, west of town, calls for tenders on school house.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Ledgerwood and Mrs. C. D. Algar are visiting at Calgary.

Turn out to the creamery meeting and express your views on the subject, either for or against.

Note the change in McDermott, the jeweller's ad this week. Bring your watches to Ponoka for repairs.

Rev. J. W. Boynton gives an illustrated bible lecture at the schoolhouse tonight and tomorrow night. The public invited.

G. W. Anderson has broken up his lots on Donald avenue and will at once begin the erection of a barn, after which he will begin his residence.

E. K. Bullock was in town Wednesday. He has three teams at work on "Banana Ridge" now where he is bringing under cultivation one hundred acres for C. C. Reed.

The Algar store building is progressing rapidly. The double shooting is done and work is now being pushed on the interior and the tin roof. The building will be sided with corrugated iron.

The receipts for the Ponoka sub office Dominion Lands for July reached nearly \$500, and this is considered the dullest month of the year. Some over twenty entries for homesteads were made.

Open air services held by the Methodists the past two Sunday evenings have attracted large audiences and seem to prove of considerable interest. They will be continued during the remainder of the summer.

George Winslow has just completed a commodious dwelling on his place in 43-23, near Tyner's. A "housewarming" is to be held there tonight. He has now returned to Madison, S. D., to prepare to move his family here.

The cool people up in 43-27 and northwest of there have begun taking steps toward opening a road through from their settlements to the new bridge over Battle river.

A mass meeting is called at Chas. Gherke's on August 9 to discuss the subject.

Elmo Bush brought us in a bunch of heads from a three acre patch of blue stem wheat Tuesday which excites the admiration of all who have seen them. While the samples are select heads the whole patch promises a splendid yield. It is now in the dough stage of maturity.

One noticeable feature of the harvest in this section this season is that the straw will not be as heavy as last year. This is quite advantageous to the farmer as he will have less handling and the grain will be less likely to lodge while the yield of grain per acre is not necessarily decreased.

The mother and sister of Mrs. J. W. Christie, from whom she has had a most enjoyable visit the past two weeks, returned to their respective homes Monday. Her mother is Mrs. T. Kelly, of DeWitt, Iowa, and her sister Mrs. W. H. Eisenhuth, state superintendent of public instruction of North Dakota. She came here directly from Florida, where she has been spending a vacation.

Creamery meeting Saturday, August 9, 2 p. m.

Miss Carson occupies a clerical position in the Algar store.

Lacombe's annual fair will be held August 15 and 16.

Strathcona's summer fair is to be held the 8th and 9th inst.

Dr. Etta Denovan, of Red Deer, was in Ponoka over Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Herrick are moving onto their farm near Fairybank.

Henry Hertz has moved his family temporarily into his pool room building. He will at once begin the erection of a dwelling in the village.

Mrs. John Wilcox, from thirty miles east of Ponoka was brought into town yesterday in a critical physical condition and sent to Edmonton hospital last night for treatment.

A rumor was afloat last week to the effect that the C. P. R. had leased the C. & E. for a term of ninety-nine years from July 15th just past. We have not been able to secure any confirmation of the rumor.—Strathcona Plaindealer.

The little chap who wrote this doesn't go to the Ponoka school, but it is pretty good all the same. There is a lot of "heds", red heds, bawled heds and so 4th. Pa, he's got one. It's bawled. Ma, she's longheded and Pa he's bullheded and I'm redheded and level too. The smart end of a boy is his hed except when he's spanked, but the smart end of a bee is not there, oh no. Pa says if a feller has got a hed he can get a hed in this world, but I don't want a hed like he gets when out with the boys.

The mystery surrounding the lost child mentioned by us last week at last reports was as deep as ever. Our report as given last week appears to be as near the particulars as can be obtained from the children who were with her. The little one was left playing with her doll and when the other children returned to where they left her nothing but the doll was to be found. No trace of any part of her clothing was even to be found. The lake was thoroughly dragged but of no avail. Various conclusions are drawn and the case is a most mysterious one.

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Town Meeting.

A special meeting of the village ratepayers was held on Thursday evening of last week. Among the business transacted was voted to reimburse all who had constructed sidewalk last year where the walk was approved by the overseer.

File Copies Wanted.

The HERALD is short in its files of the issues of June 6, and 27. Any one supplying us with these numbers will be suitably compensated.

Bible Lectures

There will be two free Bible lectures at the school hall Friday and Saturday Aug. 1 and 2. Subjects—The great Image of Daniel 2; and the Kingdom of Christ. Everybody invited. J. W. BOYNTON.

Notice.

The auction sale of Mrs. Holofkoff's chattels advertised for tomorrow is cancelled. W. D. PITCAIRN, Auctioneer.

Call for Tenders.

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned, secretary of Grand Meadow School District, No. 671, for the erection of a frame school house, 20x28, 10-foot posts, on the nw 1/4-27-42-23. Plans and specifications may be seen at my office or at the office of the PONOKA HERALD. Bids received up to and including Friday, July 8, 1902. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. S. L. CARSON, Secretary.

Auction Sale.

The auction sale of personal property advertised by me for Saturday, August 2, 1902, will be held notwithstanding all reports to the contrary.

MRS. L. HOLOFOFF.

Market Reports

Wheat	60c
Oats	40c
Barley	55c
Clopped feed per cwt.	\$1.10
Bran	\$1.00
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MR. BOWSER RETURNS

HAD ALL HE WANTED OF COUNTRY LIFE.

DUSTY BILL, Railroad Jim and Towpath Tom Make the Family's Last Day on the Farm a Very Lively One.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

Mrs. Bowser and the cook worked over Mr. Bowser for two hours after his adventure with the bumblebees, and he put in the whole day sitting around with his head and hands in poultices. During the forenoon, before his pains had abated, no questions were asked him, but after dinner, when his interest in life seemed to have revived a little, Mrs. Bowser said:

"I can't make out how it happened. Did you walk into a nest of bumblebees?"

"Woman, do you take me for an idiot? I saw through the whole thing in a minute. I was out here for my health. I was beginning to find the pure air and the seclusion doing me good. You wanted to go home, and you put up a job on me."

"But how did I know about the bumblebees?" she protested.

"Never mind how you knew. It was a deep laid plot to bring about my death, your sixteenth attempt to assassinate me, but it failed. But for your bloodthirstiness I might have consented to return home when my weight had increased 10 or 15 pounds, but now I'll be hanged if I don't stay right here till I weigh a ton!"

It was no use to argue further. The day passed slowly and quietly by, and night came. Mr. Bowser grew better nautred, and as he sat in the door he melted enough to say:

"By George, but what an evening! At this hour in the city there's noise enough to arouse the dead, while here there's a softness and stillness positively entrancing. No wonder that farmers live to be 200 years old."

The crickets sang, the tree toads chattered, and the night birds called to each other over the blueberry bushes. By and by it came bedtime, and the house was quiet. The first interruption came from the owl of the night before. He wasn't satisfied with his previous effort, though he had done



"BY GEORGE, BUT WHAT AN EVENING!" fairly well. He came back to beat the record, and the sound of his voice rolled Mr. Bowser out of bed and set the women screaming.

"Shut up your noise!" he shouted as he fumbled around and struck a light. "It's nothing but that owl come back again; but, by the bones of Jacob, I'll show him that his hooting isn't appreciated!"

The bird flew away at sight of the light, and Mr. Bowser was standing in the open door surveying the night when a voice from out of the darkness remarked:

"I seen your light, cully, and thought I'd drop in and hev a cold bottle and a bird with you."

It was Dusty Bill again. As Mr. Bowser gazed at him in astonishment he came forward and continued:

"And mebbe you kin be prevailed upon to show me that flipflop trick you practiced on me last night. By John, but what's de matter wid your mug?"

"You scoundrel!" gasped Mr. Bowser. "But what are you doing here again tonight?"

"Ifevn't I bin tellin' you? Where's de bird and de bottle?"

"I'll give you birds and bottles, you leifer, you! Out of this before I mop the earth with you!"

"But de bird and de—"

Mr. Bowser tackled him, the women screamed, the owl hooted from a distant tree, and for five minutes there was a lively time in that end of the country. Then the tramp broke away and made off, and as the panting Mr. Bowser sat down on the doorstep to recover his wind Mrs. Bowser tearfully exclaimed:

"Your ear is bitten, your nose is scratched, and he's torn the shirt off your back! How can you call this a vacation? Oh, if you'd only agree to go home in the morning!"

"Never!" he shouted as he got breath enough. "I've leased this farm for three months, and all the tramps in the state shan't drive me away. Go back to bed and let the crickets sing you to sleep. I'll sit around for awhile and see if anything more is going to happen. If the tramp comes back, I'll kill and bury him!"

Mrs. Bowser and the cook went back to their rooms, and for the next hour all was peace. Mr. Bowser was sick of the whole job and fishing for a way to throw it up and get back to town, but he couldn't see his way clearly right or wrong, he always stuck to his word. He was plunged in reflection when the owl came flying around, but he managed to drive it off without raising an alarm. He had just taken his seat again when he heard the tramp of feet, and next moment Dusty Bill and two other tramps stood before him.

"Excuse me, cully," said Dusty, with a scrape and a bow, "but I thought you might like to meet me intimate friends, Railroad Jim and Towpath Tom. I told 'em dat you had a cold bottle and a bird ready fur us."

"I want the gang of you to clear off this place at once!" sternly replied Mr. Bowser as he heard the two women getting out of bed.

"Speak softly, cully," said Railroad Jim as he pressed forward. "We is gentlemen talkin' to a gentleman. Dere ain't no call fur any hard words between us."

"And on de part of dis gang of gentlemen," added Towpath Tom as he moved up. "I'd like to ask de stranger what he is doin' in our house."

"Your house!" replied Mr. Bowser. "I've leased this farm for three months, sir, and you can't get off the place any too quick to please me!"

"Gents, you see how it is," said Dusty as he turned to his companions. "Dis here cully has gone and formed a trust to drive us out of our home, and de only way we kin git our rights is to bust de combination."

Mr. Bowser realized that he had a scrap on hand, with odds of three to one, but he did not falter. As they moved up on him he was ready, and when Mrs. Bowser reached the door the four men were fighting in a heap on the grass. There were screams and shouts and curses, and the tramps encouraged each other by shouting warcries, but at the end of ten minutes they gave up the fight and fled. Mr. Bowser had fairly licked the trio, but he had not come off unscathed. They had kicked and bitten and pinched him until he was a sight to see. Mrs. Bowser was weeping and the cook wailing as he got up and shook himself to see what was missing. Without heeding them he marched into the house and the kitchen. After washing off the blood he took down his coat from a hook, buttoned it around him and put on his hat.

"You are not going to follow them?" sobbed Mrs. Bowser.

"If we are left alone here, we'll be murdered!" wailed the cook.

"Get ready and come on," replied the vector of the scrap.

"But where to?"

"Follow me."

And they put on their hats, locked the door behind them and followed him down to the gate and down the highway to the station. He walked in advance and spoke no word. They had only five minutes to wait for the midnight train and he waved them aboard and came after.

"It must be that we are going home," said Mrs. Bowser as the train started.

"If we are, then I'll work for you for a year without wages," said the thankful cook.

Mr. Bowser heard them, but he gave no sign. He had spent a day and two nights on a summer farm, and he was trying to figure out how many years it would take him to recover from his vacation. Only once did he seem to take any interest in what was going on around him. That was as the train stopped at a station for a minute and a familiar voice on the platform was heard saying:

"Yes, gentlemen, he's fat and bald-headed and crooked in the legs, but you hev de word of Dusty Bill dat if he'd train fur de ring none of de fellers of today would be in it." M. QUAD.

Church Bells.

The city of Nola, in Campania, was the first where church bells were used. This was about the year 400 A. D.

What Cheese Lacks.

Starch and sugar are two elements lacking in cheese which must be supplied by vegetables or such foods as give the required amount of these elements to make up the requisite bulk of general nourishment.

A New Zealand Geyser.

In Rotomahona, New Zealand, there is an immense geyser which covers an area of an acre in extent and constantly throws columns of water to vast heights, some of them ascending 300 feet, with clouds of steam which go much higher.

Eggshells.

Housekeepers must remember that good eggs always have dull looking shells.

British Rivers.

The British Islands are better provided with rivers than any other country of the same size on the globe.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER

By Mary Wood

Copyright, 1901, by Mary Wood

The boys were singing snatches of football songs as they sat on the porch to talk over the game. Nancy smiled as she listened and wondered how the practice had come out.

Now, from the time she had worn long dresses Nancy had gone to all the games as a matter of course, but it was only since Tom Garrett had made the team that she had shown any interest in practice games. Bayliss had not yet arrived at the dignity of a training house, so Tom still had his old room and kept the table in a roar at mealtimes.

The boys were tramping up the stairs now, and the song had changed: "If you don't make love to the landlady's daughter, You won't get a second piece of pie."

Then Jim Woodward's voice:

"How about that, Tom?"

And Tom's voice in laughing reply:

"Oh, I don't know!"

The words seemed to hold a covert significance, and Nancy's smile faded. That hateful song! How could she



TRIED NOT TO WATCH A CERTAIN FIGURE ever have laughed over it with the rest? Was that the way Tom looked at her—as the landlady's daughter? Was that the pitiful foundation of her happy dreams? For once she was ashamed of her mother's calling. The tears came, but she brushed them angrily away. Tom Garrett need not think that she was like the average girl of a college town. She would be a college widow for no one!

The tea bell was ringing. With a hasty glance in the mirror to see that no traces of foolish tears remained she tripped down stairs with a poor assumption of her ordinary manner.

Once safe behind the urn, she devoted herself to the business of pouring tea. She appeared particularly oblivious to the glances that Tom sent in her direction, as if wondering the cause of her silence.

He lingered at the table after the others.

"Aren't you feeling well, Nancy?"

She clattered with the tea things as she laid stiffly:

"Quite well, thank you."

Tom looked his surprise at her tone, but he only said pleasantly:

"Well, don't forget the concert. We had better start at 7:30."

Nancy made a valiant effort to be cool and dignified, but there was a little catch in her voice as she said:

"Oh, the concert! I had forgotten. But I—I don't feel like going tonight. You had better take some one else." And she fairly ran from the room.

Tom gazed after her in blank astonishment.

He understood even less in the days that followed. Nancy refused all his invitations until he grew thoroughly provoked at her.

Du Peyster came to call. Nancy said she was delighted to see him and was so very charming that he came again and again. Tom had never thought much about Du Peyster, but now he found himself regarding "the call" with hatred. Du Peyster took Nancy to all the games.

"I do not need your tickets, thank you, Mr. Garrett."

That "Mr." was the last straw, and Tom vowed that he would never again try to make friends with her. He kept his word, but his heart often failed

him as he saw Nancy, his pretty Nancy, go off with that bad Du Peyster with never a glance in his direction.

It was a clear November day, an ideal Thanksgiving day, and every one was out in force for the last game of the season. Du Peyster thought he had never seen Nancy look prettier, all in the college colors, with her red suit and black furs. Her dark eyes danced with excitement, and the cold air gave a brilliant color to her usually pale cheeks. He told her so, but somehow it gave her no pleasure.

"Don't let's talk so much," she said eagerly. "We must pay strict attention to the game since it is the end of the season."

The cheering and singing commenced as the two teams trotted out on the field. Oh, there was that hateful song again! Nancy tried not to watch a certain figure, but it seemed impossible for her eyes to forget their old trick of hunting it out after every scrimmage.

It was an exciting game, for the two teams were evenly matched. Nancy found herself hanging breathlessly on every play.

The first half over and even scores! Could it be possible that Bayliss would be whipped on its own field? How long the intermission seemed! There they come again!

Shout, Bayliss, shout! Cheer as you never did before! The team must not know that you have even a doubt of its failure.

The line of players zigzagged up and down, following that bit of quicksilver, the ball. Now there was a splendid run, now a kick. The scores mounted slowly. But what was that? Some one was running with the ball. One intercepting player was thrown, another dashed aside, and still the figure sped on. Nearer, nearer the goalposts! Three opponents were almost on him now. He fell, but a great shout went up. The touchdown had been made!

The little heap slowly disentangled itself, but the undermost man did not move. A doctor ran forward. Nancy turned faint. It was Tom—he had been killed! The cheering sounded far away. She gave a little gasp, and Du Peyster was alarmed at sight of her face.

"You're sick, Miss Elliot?" he asked anxiously.

"No, no!" She did not take her eyes from the group on the field. "Only—only, I hate to see any one hurt. Do you think he is killed?" she asked pitifully.

Du Peyster laughed as he said cheerfully: "Not a bit of it. It takes more than that to down a Bayliss man. See, there he is moving. They are going to take him off the field—probably an ankle sprained or something of that sort. What's the matter with Garrett?" to a passing sub.

"Only a sprained ankle. He's all right." And the crowd echoed, "He's all right."

"Don't you want another piece of pie, Tom?"

Tom seized her hand.

"Oh, bother the pie, Nancy! I'd rather you'd!"

Nancy's cheeks flushed as she bent over the fallen hero, but her eyes twinkled as she said:

"Well, only to show you—I forgive you!"

Durability of Ancient Ink.

The labor required in making the manuscript books of ancient days was far beyond the understanding of the men of the present day, who possess all the modern adjuncts to that art. As these books were intended to last for many years, answering the same purpose as our printed tomes, the great desideratum in their preparation was durability. As a natural consequence those who made them not only selected the best quality of parchment or other material to write upon, but also paid particular attention to the quality of the ink used in such work.

They were successful in making the latter is evidenced by the fact that in the majority of instances the characters inscribed on the most ancient manuscript rolls now preserved in the British museum and elsewhere are very legible, the ink being bright and black and showing but little evidence of its great age. It is supposed that the superior quality of lampblack, prepared in a manner now unknown, was the true cause of this beautiful and lasting color of the ink in question.

The Only Safe Way.

"No, I can't stay any longer," he said, with determination.

"What difference does an hour or so make now?" asked a member of the party. "Your wife will be in bed and asleep, and if she wakes up she won't know what time it is."

"Quite right. Quite right," he returned. "I can fool my wife almost any time as long as I get home before breakfast. Why, I've gone home when the sun was up, kept the blinds shut, lit the gas and made her think that it was a little after 12. But, gentlemen, I can't fool the baby. I can make the room as dark as I please, but it won't make the baby sleep a minute later than usual, and when she wakes up hungry it comes pretty close to being morning, and my wife knows it. Gentlemen," he added as he bowed himself out. "I make it a rule to get home before the baby wakes. It's the only safe way."

Bimini and the Fountain of Youth.
Bimini was a fabulous island firmly believed in by the Indians of the Antilles, though they could give no further clew to its location than that it lay some hundreds of leagues north of Hispaniola. On this island was the famous fountain of youth and giving perpetual health and vigor. It was the search for this fountain that led Ponce de Leon and Hernando de Soto to Florida, on the outskirts of which the island was generally supposed to be situated.

Discovery.



Too Sincere.
"My husband often says that his disposition might be much worse," said the patient-looking woman.
"That sounds gentle and considerate."

"Yes, but he always insists on going ahead and proving it." —Washington Star.

Billies.
"Laura," said Mr. Ferguson, "I do wish you would quit playing that infernal piano. I've got a bilious headache."
"I think you have a good deal of gall to talk that way to me," replied Mrs. Ferguson. —Chicago Tribune.

The Boarders' Chant

IN THE No. 7 MINE

By PERCIVAL RIDSDALE

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PERCIVAL RIDSDALE

"Tain't no use cryin'," said Paddy McGann. "If the boss bounces me tomorrow, I has got to go, but I hate to leave you, Billy; I just hate to."

Billy was Paddy's lead mule in the No. 7 mine, a big rawboned animal with a philosophic countenance and a reputation with all except Paddy of having a vicious temper.

"It ain't right," cried Paddy, "and I ain't a-goin' to stand it. Oh, Billy, if I had lots of money d'you know what I'd do? Well, I'd buy you and take you up to the surface and let you do nothin' but eat grass and run around the fields. Say, how long has it been, Billy, since you saw the sky? Guess it must be all of seven years."

Billy looked contemplative.

"Well, never mind; there's a good time comin' some day. And say, Billy, if I don't get even with Evan Jones—well, you can kick me for a duffer. It won't be long before I'm as big as he is, and then we'll both get even with him. You—say, what's the matter, Billy?"

For Billy had shaken off the nose bag with a jerk, and with ears cocked, eyes staring and nostrils agape he was looking down the gangway.

"What is?" began Paddy, and then, sniffing the air, he cried, "Why, it's smoke, Billy."

The mule whinnied, and there was a note of terror in the long, low cry.

"Smoke," cried Paddy again, "and it ain't no powder smoke neither! Say, Billy, she's afire!"

Down the gangway they sped. Paddy was mystified. Where could the smoke come from? There was nothing along the gangway which could burn. It was all rock. He stopped suddenly, horrified. The air current had changed. He was in an outtake, but the air was rushing inward, and it was bringing the smoke. But why should it come into the outtake? If—but as he asked himself the question Paddy knew what had happened. Some one had left the door open, and the diverted air current was sweeping into the workings, carrying the smoke with it.

Billy pulled at the restraining hand, but again they dashed forward, and again they stopped, for Paddy was crying:

"The shift, Billy—the shift! They is in there. They don't know, Billy. They'll all be killed!"

Far up the gangway and at one side in a remote working the inside foreman and thirty men had gone in the early morning to block an old opening. Paddy knew what that meant. They were isolated, and the smoke would not reach them until the very last. By that time the surrounding chambers would be so full of it that escape would be impossible.

This flashed through Paddy's mind before he could bring Billy to a stop. Almost without thinking he had determined what to do. There were two things—he could in a moment or two reach a safe place or he could go back into the smoke and warn the men. He might be overcome before he could find them, and might find them only to die in their company, but he did not think of these things. With a pull he turned Billy around.

"You've got to help me, Billy!" he cried. "I can't reach them alone." Billy shivered and whinnied.

Clinging around the mule's neck, he choked and gasped for breath. It seemed that with each inhalation liquid fire poured down his throat, while his eyes, though closed, were like balls of fire. How it was faring with Billy Paddy did not know. He felt the mule gasp as he stumbled along, and once when Billy stopped, trembling, and moaned out his agony in a long despairing scream Paddy had all he could do to smother the sobs in his own throat and urge the mule on. At last, and it seemed an age, the smoke grew lighter, for they were outracing it, and the farther they got from the entrance to the gangway the lighter it became. Then they reached the spot where the side working commenced. Billy dashed down the narrow opening and, with a long gasp, drank in great gulps of the comparatively untailed air. Then on they sped until Paddy knew he was close to the working in which the men were. Could he find them? Much—
their lives and his—depended on his quickness.

He slipped off Billy's back and dashed from one opening into another, straining his eyes to see any faint glimmer of light. He found himself coughing and knew that the heading was gradually filling with the smoke, yet he had not found trace of the men. He cried in his vexation and then shouted in the utter vainness of his efforts. His eyes and his throat were beginning to smart again, and his breath was short. He stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth, but the relief was slight. Once or twice he had to stop and lean against the rough rib

of the heading, but he stumbled on again. Then almost as fell into an opening he saw light. Gathering all his strength, he raised his voice in a long shout. There came an answer.

"Hurry! Danger!"

Then they came with a rush. There was no need to ask questions. The workings were already filling with smoke, and the men dropped everything and ran. One by one they passed Paddy. As the last one passed the boy he shouted back:

"Tell the boss!"

"Tell the boss!" "Tell the boss!"

The words rang in Paddy's ears like the roar of a waterfall. All at once a cold and inquiring nose was thrust into his face. It was Billy. With the touch Paddy's senses returned, and he knew what the words meant. Evan Jones, the inside boss, the man who was to discharge him on pay day, was somewhere inside, ignorant of the danger which in a few moments would overtake him. Even now there might not be time. Paddy said nothing to Billy. Breath was too precious. Instead he grasped Billy's mane and swung himself on the mule's back again. Then straight down the passage they went until, after some minutes, they came upon Evan Jones.

"She's—afire!" gasped Paddy.

The boy's face told the foreman there was no time to ask questions, but as he swung himself up beside Paddy and laid his head low on Billy's back to avoid bumping against the low hanging roof he cried:

"Where are the others? Do they know?"

"They ran when I told 'em!" gasped Paddy.

"Cowards!" muttered the foreman.

The working was rapidly filling with smoke, but Billy gallantly breasted it beneath the double load, and so they came to the opening upon the gangway. In the darkness they dashed in, only to recoil the next moment:

"It's full of smoke!" cried the foreman.

Billy, terror stricken, shook them off and would have plunged back down the passage but for Paddy's restraining hand.

"It's our only chance," said Jones. "We must make it. Give me your hand."

"But Billy?" questioned Paddy.

"He'll have to find his own way out. We can't bother with him."

"Go ahead," said Paddy. "Me and Billy'll get out together."

"Fool!" cried Jones. "Come on!" he called as he ran.

Paddy drew off his coat and, throwing it over the mule's head, tried to lead him out, but Billy would not move.

"Billy," cried the boy, "don't you know I'll take care of you? Come!"

Billy whimpered and then, with a big shake, sprang down the passage, dragging Paddy after him. The foreman was already some distance away, but Billy's burst of speed soon brought them together again. Paddy, keeping his feet in a remarkable manner, passed the foreman, and they dashed on into the smoke. Paddy's head was swimming, and his eyes were bursting from their sockets. He seemed to spin along like a top. Then there came a crash, and he found himself on the ground huddled against Billy. The mule sank down with a pitiful cry of pain. His leg was broken.

It seemed ages after that when Paddy opened his eyes to find a lot of anxious faces gazing into his. He was helped up, and a distant roar, like the voice of many people, fell upon his ear. He saw he was at the head of the shaft and that a number of men stood around. Evan Jones bent over him and said:

"Don't cry about Billy. You did all you could to save him, and you were nearly gone when I found you and brought you out. We both had a narrow shave, and so did the other fellows, and we all owe our lives to you. The people want you to say something. Are you strong enough?"

Raised by willing hands, Paddy was greeted by a roar of cheering, and when he found his voice he said, although he could hardly hear himself speak: "Don't say nothin' to me about it. It was Billy done it all. Billy, he was"—

But he could say no more, and, turning to his mother, who had forced her way to his side, he burst into sobs and hid his tears on her bosom.

The Difference of an Inch.

At one of the reunions of the Army of the Cumberland several former officers of the Union army fell to discussing the wounds they had received during the civil war. At last one of their number turned to Colonel B., a tall, fine, soldierly looking man, who had remained silent during the discussion, and said:

"Well, colonel, you seem to be the only one of the party who escaped uninjured."

"Oh, no, I didn't," answered the colonel quickly. "I was shot at Antietam. A bullet went through my nose, taking the gristle out." He wriggled his nose from side to side to prove the truth of his statement.

"Ah, well, you were quite fortunate, after all," said Major M. consolingly. "If the bullet had struck a half inch further in, your soul would have been

launched into eternity."

"Yes," said the colonel, "and if the blamed thing had gone a half inch further out it wouldn't have hit me at all."—Lippincott's.

Man's Monuments.

Mr. James Ricalton, writing of the wonderful old ruins of monuments and shrines at Anurajahpoord, the city of the sacred bo tree in Ceylon, says: "From the days of the mound builders man has shown himself to be a monument erecting being. The Christians have their cathedrals, the Mohammedans have their mosques, and the Buddhists have their shrine tombs, designated differently in different countries as pagoda, stupa and dagoba.

"The pagodas of China are entirely dissimilar to those of Burma, and the dagobas of Ceylon are quite unlike those in either country, yet all serve the one purpose of relic sepulture. They are not altogether a thing of the past. They are still erected near the temples, but those of modern construction are small and unimportant when compared with those that have withstood biennial monsoons for 2,000 years. Even their half buried ruins are stupendous."

Ships of the Ancients.

Large ships were not unknown to the ancients, and some of the most roomy attained dimensions equal to ships of modern times. Nevertheless they were unmanageable monstrosities, almost at the mercy of wind and wave and utterly unfit to cope with the fury of a hurricane.

The Cubit.

The cubit (Latin cubitus, an elbow) is a Russian standard of length from the point of the elbow to the end of the middle finger.

Hobson's Choice.

In the time of Charles I. one Hobson let horses to the students at Cambridge. He would never break his rule of letting the horses in strict rotation. Persons wanting a horse must take the one whose turn it was to go or they could have none; hence the saying, "That or none."

The Philosophic Loser.

The horseman sighed: "That little jolt was only fair, you see. Some years ago I broke the colt, and now the colt breaks me!"

Short Lived.

"His musical compositions achieve some little popularity, but not for long."

"That's so; just 'irty day notes, as it were."

In the Woodlands.

Woodland dreamers now may find beds as soft as silk, while the deep and shaded springs cool the butter-milk.

LIVE STOCK MEN IN FAVOR.

Special accommodation is given to Exhibitors Who Have Live Stock to Show.

Americans Are Coming.

The work of getting the grounds and buildings of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition in shape for the big Fair July 21-25, is progressing most favorable, and long before opening day most of the important changes will have been made. The management announced to-day that more attention will be paid this year to the requirements of live stock exhibitors. Each stable will be provided with two stalls for feed and storage purposes, and accommodation has been arranged in each stable for men who find it necessary to remain always with their stock.

Great interest is being manifested by live stock breeders across the border in the big cattle show in connection with the Industrial, and fancy cattle and horses will be brought in from several states. The large prizes offered has no doubt started this interest.

The speeding events, particularly the free-for-all, which is for a purse of \$3,500, has also awakened interest in American sporting circles and a number of horses from the other side will be entered for the most important events.

While the exhibition management is very modest in regard to the great scope of the Fair, this year, enough has been given out in regard to it to convince the most conservative that it will eclipse all former exhibitions, both in the attractions and in the amount of money expended.

The special attractions are sufficiently sensational and original to attract thousands who would probably not visit the Fair for the ordinary displays and exhibits. The management has secured the Jabot Oriental, Carnival, Circus and Menagerie Co., which includes one of the best and most completely trained animal shows on the continent. Jamboree will bring to Winnipeg ten separate and distinct shows, under a spread of canvas 325 x 625 feet. The fireworks this season will prove to be the best spectacular production ever offered patrons of the Fair.

"The Burning of Moscow" will be graphically shown, and the management has gone to large expense to have it perfect in every detail.

"Well, what is it?"

"Are you satisfied with this little store and your little business?"

"I have to be."

"But if you had a store covering a whole block—if you controlled the hat trade of America, or Europe—if your name was a household word from New Jersey to Hindustan?"

"It will never be," sighed the hatter as he almost forgot the \$2.50.

"Ha, my dear boy! Shake hands with me; receive my congratulations! Today I just finished the articles of incorporation of the Electric Headgear company, and I am here to make you an offer."

"What have you got up?"

"The greatest thing on earth, and the idea is all my own. My dear boy, do

MAJOR CROFOOT, G. P.

THE OLD SKINFLINT MEETS HIS HATTER THROUGH A BLUNDER.

As Usual, Jolies Him and Organizes the Electric Headgear Company For His Benefit—The Victim Is Now Looking For the Major's Scalp.

(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.)

IT was a blunder that Major Crofoot got into the hat store. He was looking for the cigar store next door and made a mistake. He had been owing the hatter \$2.50 for a year and had let him severely alone in consequence, and to brace right into



"SHAKE HANDS WITH ME."

his store and come face to face with him was an unpleasant situation. The major was equal to it, however. He just gasped once and then extended his hand and genially exclaimed:

"But I am glad to see you—glad indeed. Beautiful weather, isn't it—most beautiful. By George, but you are looking well!"

"I am well, sir," stiffly responded the hatter.

"Well and full of business, and I congratulate you. I must complain a little of your bookkeeper, however. I like to pay my bills once a month, and I've often wondered that he didn't send me in a statement of account. Don't I owe you for a hat or something?"

"You do, sir. You have owed me \$2.50 for a year or more, and you have been billed right along every month. In addition to that I've sent a boy to your office five or six times."

"Dear me, but what a misunderstanding!" sighed the grand promoter as something like sincere anxiety shone in his eyes. "How could the carrier have disposed of those letters, and at what office could your boy have called? Well, well, but it's lucky I came in. I must speak to my secretary about this matter. I'm not paying him \$100 a week to throw bills rendered into the wastebasket. You must have thought I didn't want to pay?"

"Yes, I thought you a deadbeat," was the honest reply.

"Dear me, but see how you have wronged me! Yes, it must have looked that way to you even when I was drawing checks for others of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each. I suppose you have heard of some of my stupendous enterprises?"

"No; I haven't."

"But you should read the papers, man. Six of the biggest syndicates and trusts on earth are coming. Combined capital of the six amounts to over \$2,000,000,000. Why, I've upset Wall street three or four times over."

"I hadn't heard of it," replied the hatter, becoming somewhat interested, but determined to have that \$2.50 before the major left the store.

"I see you haven't, or you wouldn't think I was dodging a debt of \$2.50. Can you cash a certified check for \$21,280.73?"

"Of course not; but you must have a few dollars in cash about you."

"Not a dollar, as it happens; but you can run over to the bank with me after we have finished our talk. I am glad I found you alone. Can you guess why I came in here?"

"I guess it was by accident," smiled the hatter.

"My dear boy, but you will have your joke," replied the major as he slapped him on the back. "I've had you in mind for the last two weeks, but didn't want to say anything until I could tell you definitely about the whole business. Excuse me, but that hat looks as if it would fit me. Ah, but it is a fit—a perfect fit! As I was saying, I wanted to be able to tell you all about it."

"Well, what is it?"

A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copyright by R. F. Fenno & Co.

Of course Captain Wood was being kidnaped and carried off. I reckoned that up on the spot, and gathered myself together then and there to give chase to the cab. I followed it steadily



He was seeing two ladies to their carriage, down the Kensington road, losing my distance, of course, very fast. By the time I reached High street I had lost the cab.

But a man at an early coffee stall had seen it pass, holding straight on the main road toward Holland House. I heard of it again at St. Mary Abbott's terrace, and was told that it had turned up Addison road. I traced it by Holland road to Shepherd's Bush Green, and there a herring was drawn across the scent.

I was on the track now of two cabs, one going by the Shepherd's Bush or Uxbridge road, the other by the Starch Green road. I followed the first and drew blank. It was a night hawk who had home to his stables, and where, to and by, I caught the chap settling into his crib. He swore he hadn't had a fare for the last two hours, and I could see he was speaking truth, for his horse had not turned a hair.

I went back then to the Starch Green road, asking all and several for my galloping hansom cab. There were very few people about at this early hour, only the policemen, and they looked very shy at my tramp's clothes, giving no answer. At last a couple of decent farm folk bringing in milk told me they had passed a hansom with a worn horse on the far side of Hammersmith bridge, in the district of Barnes.

By the time I reached the Stratford road it was broad daylight. I found a long road of detached villa houses, each in its own garden, many with stables adjoining. I figured it out, as I walked up and down this road twice, that one of these cottages was just suited for the purpose of sequestering Captain Wood, if he could be got to it. He could be driven straight into the stable yard; the cab would be no more seen when the coach house door closed behind him, and no one, neither the neighbors nor the police, would be a bit the wiser as to what mischief was being worked inside.

It took me just two hours to examine the entrance gates of every villa house with stables in that road. In three of them there were the new tracks of wheels marked plainly in the thick lying summer dust. I could not discover which were the most recent, but I carefully noted the numbers of these houses, meaning to put a watch upon them all.

I called up the boy Joseph Vials, a very smart young squire, too, from the office in Norfolk street, as soon as I could get a telegram through. By the time he arrived I had narrowed my investigations to a single point for further observation.

The day had so far advanced that the business of life was well begun. I saw the blinds drawn up in two of the houses, the front doors opened, the women busy shaking the mats and washing down the stoops. Presently some of the young folks ran out into the gardens, and I could see the family gatherings round the breakfast tables, from which on the early morning air came the smell of hot coffee and English breakfast bacon, with the temptation of Tantalus for a starving man who had been out all night. All this while the third house remained closed, hermetically sealed. It was closed up, tight shuttered, not a sign of life in it. When I reached my lodgings in Norfolk street I was pretty well washed out. But I turned in for an hour and at 10 a.m. woke much refreshed. As I dressed with care I pondered deeply over this business and the course that I should adopt. My first and most urgent duty was to secure the release of Mr. Wood, always supposing that my gentleman was the person actually carried off in the cab. At present I had no certainty of this, only a bit more than strong suspicion. Yet if I could ascertain that he had not returned home I should be justified in taking surmise for fact.

First I went to Clarges street. The man there remembered me, but looked strangely when I inquired for Captain Wood.

"You have not heard the news, then?" he said.

"What in thunder is there to hear more than I have to tell you?" I asked, netted at thinking some one was before me.

"Why, that the captain has met with an accident. He slipped up somehow last night or early this morning and hurt himself badly."

"Who told you that story? Do you believe it?"

"I believe the captain's own handwriting."

"What did he say exactly? I was quite taken aback, as you may suppose, but did not want to show it too much."

"Here, read it for yourself. It's not all his own, of course, and you will understand why. But that's his name at the bottom there sure enough."

It was written on good gray note paper in a fair running hand, and it said:

Savory, I've come to grief driving home. Horse slipped upon the curb, and I was thrown out of the cab. Some kind people picked me up and are taking good care of me. But I shan't be able to move hand or foot for some days. Send me by bearer portmanteau of things—shirts, dressing gown, dittoes, checkbook, letters, papers and the rest. Yours, W. A. Wood.
17A Laburnum Street, Harrow Road.

"And you sent them? How?"

"By the cab that brought the letter."

"Why didn't you go with them yourself?"

"I thought of it certainly, and I wish I had."

"You may well wish that. And now, if you will be guided by me, you'll go and find out 17A Laburnum street right away, if there's any such place at all."

"Oh, but there is. It's in the directory."

"Is that so? Well, if you come across Mr. Wood there I'll run you for next president of the United States. You've got just the face for a postage stamp."

"What in the name of conscience d'ye mean? What's 'appened to him, all?"

"It's my opinion that Captain Wood has fallen among thieves, brigands, worse—ruffians, who'll hold him to ransom for blackmail, rob, murder him. God knows what, unless some of us can circumvent their blackguard maneuvers. And I am going to try. I don't believe in cab accidents and Laburnum streets. You may, so you'd better go and judge for yourself."

But he was not going to find him in Laburnum street. I was pretty sure of that, but it was right to look there on the off chance that this story was true. For myself I was more than ever persuaded of foul play, and I considered I was bound to lay the whole matter before the London police.

I was not very well received at Scotland Yard. They told me to get proper credentials, a certificate from the American consul. I was terribly rolled, but not to waste time I took a cab straight to Great St. Helen's, where of course I was perfectly well known. One of the senior clerks came to me directly.

"What can we do for you, Mr. Snuyzer? Want an introduction to the metropolitan police? Why, certainly. Reckon it's no use asking what you're after? Big case?"

He was a friend and had often given me information in a small way. I thought perhaps he might help me now, for I'd heard from you they were mostly Americans working this conspiracy, and it was likely enough they'd know at the consulate whether any big "toughs" and "bunko men" were in London just then.

"It's something to do with the McFaught millions," I said. "You've heard, no doubt, of that young Englishman's luck?"

"Why, yes. He was here this very morning, only an hour ago." It was then about 1 o'clock. "Captain William Aretas Wood they called him. Is he your client?"

It hit me like a blow, this news, for I saw at once what it meant. Captain



"The woman called him a dreadful dog and tried to stop him."

Wood could not be lying injured in a street off the Harrow road and walking about Great St. Helen's. I wanted no more proof of foul play.

"We are acting for Captain Wood. Case of attempted fraud. They've soon found he's fair game. But what brought him here, if I may ask?"

"Some question of legal powers. Granting attorney to representatives in New York, assigning certain properties by deed to trustees. Legal business. The law, you know, requires the signature to be given in the presence of the United States consul."

"You saw Captain Wood, did you yourself?"

France's Vineyards. The vineyards of France cover 4,288,037 acres.

If possible, do not associate with those who anger you.

It is a great pity that a young man is not as saving with his money as an old man is with every piece of twine he finds.

MONTHS OF PAIN.

CAUSED BY A TUMOR OF THE BREAST.

Mrs. J. M. Timbers, of Hawkesbury, Tells How She Obtained Relief After Doctors Had Failed.

From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont.

Mrs. James M. Timbers is well known to nearly everybody in Hawkesbury, Vankleek Hill and surrounding country. She was born in Vankleek Hill, but since her marriage, twelve years ago, has lived in Hawkesbury, and is greatly esteemed by all who know her. Mrs. Timbers is one of the many thousands who have proved the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and gives her experience for the benefit of other sufferers. She says:—"While nursing my first child I suffered from a nursing tumor under the left breast. The first symptom was a sharp pain followed by a growth, which gradually increased in size until it became as large as an egg. It was exceedingly painful and caused me great suffering. I consulted a doctor, who gave me medicine, but it did me no good. Then I consulted another doctor, who said I would have to undergo an operation. In the meantime, however, the tumor broke, but would not heal, and as a result I was feeling very much run down. At this time my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began using these. I soon felt that they were giving me increased strength, and after using a few boxes, the tumor disappeared, and I was as well as ever I had been. My health has since been good, and I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills cure troubles like the above, because they make rich, red blood and drive all impurities from the system. Through their action on the system they also cure such troubles as anaemia, heart palpitation, erysipelas, scrofula, skin eruptions, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. The genuine always bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN EGG'S TRAVELS.

How a Canadian Egg Found a Home at Windsor, England.

A chance whim of a little girl has given a history to a hen's egg. Mrs. Beeson, of 13 Boxley street, Windsor, purchased some eggs, and upon one she discovered some writing. It read thus: "Pencil Wright, Harrow, Ontario, Box 386. The one that gets this egg, please write. I will answer." The egg soon felt that they were giving me increased strength, and after using a few boxes, the tumor disappeared, and I was as well as ever I had been. My health has since been good, and I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills cure troubles like the above, because they make rich, red blood and drive all impurities from the system. Through their action on the system they also cure such troubles as anaemia, heart palpitation, erysipelas, scrofula, skin eruptions, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. The genuine always bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Minard's Liniment is best Hair Restorer.

Orders have been issued in India for the return to store of all ammunition containing dum-dum bullets.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running and causing inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

One of the highest shot towers in the world is to be found in Villach, in Carinthia, where there is a fall of 249 feet.

Great Britain and Ireland import about 265,000,000 pounds of cheese each year. Canada supplies about 60 per cent of the whole.

Still Another Triumph—Mr. Thomas S. Bullock, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with piles and frequent joint pains. I was unable to walk or sit; but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

English is studied by 95 per cent of the students attending the higher schools in Egypt.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

When it is announced that a woman will entertain informally, it means that she will buy things ready made at the baker's.

Colorado for your Summer Outing.

Peaks three miles high, snow-clad in July—

flashing trout streams—

big game—camping—

mountain climbing.

Ask for our book—

"A Colorado Summer."

Black Walnut.

Black walnut is less than half the weight of a corresponding quantity of ebony.

Every year we make war on the mosquito, and every year the mosquito fights back.

"Kings are only men," says a wise contemporary. Yes, indeed, and sometimes they are only boys.

Ragtime music has been prohibited on the recreation piers in New York. This is another of the horrible acts of the reformers.

An optimist is a man who thinks he can take a few cheap tools and a back door yard and keep his table supplied with green stuff.

Philadelphia has a baby that drinks five gallons of milk at a meal. Of course you knew right away that it is a baby elephant.

It will be a long time before that Castellane baby will be old enough to call papa to account for wasting mama's money.

People who have investigated the matter say that the swearing habit is becoming more common than it was a few years ago. So are automobiles.

How will King Alfonso's subjects like his admission that he does not like bull fighting himself, and that he would like to introduce horse racing as a substitute?

MORE SPRING POETRY.

When the sap begins to rise,
When the wild geese northward fly,
When the buzzard's in the skies,
When we hear the robin's cries,
When the foremen advertise,
Then it's spring.

When the geese begin to nest,
When the frogs wake from their rest,
When the hens all do their best,
When the schoolboy sheds his vest,
Then takes a bad cold in his chest,
Then it's spring.

When the horse begins to shed,
When the brood-nos makes her bed,
When the gobbler's neck turns red,
When the candidates are bled,
And to the nearest bar are led,
Then it's spring.

The Puma Winds.

The puma winds of the table lands of Peru, South America, are dry and parching, nothing similar being known outside of Africa or Persia. When they prevail, it is necessary to constantly wear a mask to protect the face.

It is easy to have too much of a good thing; two sweethearts at one time, for example.

Minard's Liniment is best Hair Restorer.

There are 2,740 murders yearly in Italy; 2,400 in Russia; 1,600 in Spain.



SYRUP OF FIGS
ACTS GENTLY
ON KIDNEYS, LIVER
AND BOWELS.

CLEANSES THE SYSTEM
EFFECTUALLY;
DISPELS COLDS
HEADACHES
& FEVERS;
OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
PERMANENTLY.
ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS,

BUY THE GENUINE—MAN'D BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.

Reputation is the shadow cast by character and dependent on the light in which it is seen.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, suffer more or less from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatin coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

No woman should ever use a swear word than the law allows to her preacher.

There are 2,740 murders yearly in Italy; 2,400 in Russia; 1,600 in Spain.

Canadian Northern Ry

Eastern Tours

—via the—

Great Lakes

Tourist Rates to all points in
ONTARIO, QUEBEC,
MARITIME PROVINCES
and EASTERN STATES

One of the most delightful trips, with every modern convenience for the comfort of passengers.

Ocean Tickets by all Lines

For dates of sailing and reservation of berths apply to any agent of the Canadian Northern Railway, or to

GEO. H. SHAW,
Traffic Manager, Winnipeg.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

"THE" ROUTE TO

THE HERALD

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

SEASONABLE SIGNS.

"I'm in court," read a card on the lawyer's door; "At the hospital," appears on the doctor's slate, "Be back in an hour," say several more while others invite one to "Sit down and wait." "Gone to the bank," is the broker's sign; "Back soon," is found on the ice dealer's hook; "Sick in bed," is the dentist's — so says his book. 'Twas everywhere thus, so, with nothing to do, I hied me away to the baseball ground; and there, strange to say, yet none the less true, each of the above in the grand stand I found.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound, or imperfect hearing. The tube is closed and deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can now be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, from Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Goldy druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

People are so anxious to see something for nothing that they will run a couple of miles to see a little shed burn down.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.
Dear Sirs.—While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes—so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to allay the irritation, and I did so. The effect was more than I expected—a few applications completely curing the irritation, preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,

W. A. OKE,
Harbor Grace, Nfld. Jan. 8, 1898.

The families in the interior of Russia are coincident with a decline in the humidity, due in great measure to the destruction of forests.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill will aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undiluted state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, dispenses to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Lettuce Sandwiches.—Let your lettuce lie in cold water on the ice box for at least an hour before using, then dry thoroughly with a clean towel. Spread thin slices of buttered bread with salad dressing made from the above rule and place between them tender, crisp lettuce leaves.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

Queen Wilhelmina has contributed \$800 for the benefit of the Martinique sufferers. This will cause her husband's creditors to express another large batch of disgust.

**Are you going
to start a
Newspaper?**

Then write to us for prices and terms upon TYPE, MATERIAL and MACHINERY.

We carry the only stock in the Northwest, and can furnish complete Job and Newspaper Plants at short notice; also Ready-Prints in all sizes and styles.

Toronto Type Fdry
Co'y, Limited.

75 McDermot Avenue, Winnipeg.

Your Faith

will be as strong as ours if you try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

and ours is so strong we guarantee a cure or refund money, and we send you free trial bottle if you write for it. SHILOH'S costs 25 cents, and will cure Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and all Lung Troubles. Will cure a Cough or Cold in a day, and thus prevent serious results. It has been doing these things for 50 years.

S. C. WELLS & Co., Toronto, Can.

Karl's Clover Root Tea cures Indigestion

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS, B. C.

Without question the best and most effective springs in Canada for the cure of rheumatism, kidney or liver troubles. The medicinal qualities of the water are unequalled. Splendid hotel accommodation; fine fishing and hunting. An ideal spot for the invalid.

To employ a revivalist will not help us evade our own responsibility.

LUMBAGO

A NOVA SCOTIA MAN HAS FOUND
A SURE REMEDY.

Claims That Lumbago Can be Cured—He Himself Had Suffered for 25 Years—Hope for Apparently Hopeless Cases.

Economy Point, N. S., June 30, (Special)—Mr. George S. McLaughlin of this place claims to have found a remedy which will cure any sufferer of Lumbago.

Mr. McLaughlin himself has been a great sufferer with this disease, and has sought relief in very many treatments and remedies.

At last, however, he came across a medicine which completely cured him, and which he claims any sufferer from Lumbago should be told of.

He says:—

"I was troubled with Lame Back for 25 years or more. Sometimes it was so severe I could not turn myself in bed.

"A slight cold, or hard lifting would bring on a fearful attack and give me awful pain.

"I had tried many medicines and treatments, but never found anything to do me any good until I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My brother, who kept a small grocery store and sold some medicines, told me that he had heard that they had cured a great many people of Lumbago, and he advised me to try them.

"I commenced a treatment and in a short time all the pain left my back and it became as stout and as strong as ever.

"Wonderful to say I have had no return of the terrible Lumbago since.

"It is now some years since I was cured, and I have said nothing about it, for I was afraid it would come back, and that I would have to keep on using the Pills in order to be well.

"But now I am satisfied it has gone forever, and know that I am safe in making this public statement.

"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Lumbago or Lame Back, for they helped me out and nobody could have it much worse than I had.

Less than one per cent. of the land of Norway is in use for grain fields.

Wilson's Fly Pads

The Original and only Genuine

INSIST ON WILSON'S

MARKETS.

WHEAT.

The local market has been dull all the week and at first was not inclined to advance with the outside market. Exporters seem to find it hard work to do any business and complain that export bids are out of line with prices here. Referring to the latest mail advices of sales of Manitoba wheat made on June 6th and 7th to Liverpool and London and figuring out freight and expenses it is seen that the prices sold at were 1½ to 2¢ per bushel under what the wheat was bringing here in store, Fort William, on the same days, so that there is no wonder exporters have been slow in buying lately. While there has not been a great deal doing prices have hardened. They closed a week ago at 1 hard, 7½; 1 northern, 7½; and 2 northern 7½, in store, Fort William, spot of June delivery. In the first days of the week they advanced ½¢ daily but on Thursday and yesterday the advances were larger and at the close of Friday's business we quote values: 1 hard, 7½; 1 northern, 7½; and 2 northern, 7½, delivery spot, June or the first half of July.

FLOUR—Hungarian patent \$2.15 per sack of 98 pounds; Glenora, \$2; Alberta, \$1.85; Manitoba, \$1.70; and XXXX, \$1.25.

MILLFEED—Demand is heavy and the market is somewhat unsettled. Bran is worth \$16 per ton in bulk; and shorts \$18 per ton bulk, delivered, subject to usual trade discounts.

GROUND FEED—We quote: Oat chop, per ton, \$28; barley chop, \$24; mixed barley and oats, \$26; chop screenings, \$15.50; oil cake, \$30.

OATS—The demand for oats for shipment east has fallen off considerably and dealers say it is difficult to find buyers now at fair prices. Most of the business is for local feed account. The market is weaker. We quote: No. 1 white, in carlots on track, Winnipeg, per bushel, 45c; No. 2 white, 41c to 42c; feed grades, 38c to 39c. At country points farmers are getting 33 to 35c for No. 2 white oats. Street oats are not offering.

BARLEY—The market is now down to almost a nominal basis and prices are lower. We quote 44 to 45c per bushel for feed barley in carlots on track here.

FLAXSEED—Nothing doing.

SPELTZ—Dealers are doing a little business in speltz for feeding at 50c per bushel of 50 pounds.

HAY—Market very firm as hay is becoming scarce. Large quantities have been destroyed by the rains. Prices hold firm at \$8 to \$9 per ton for fresh baled in carlots on track here.

POULTRY—The market is quiet. Live chickens bring 70 to 75c per pair, and turkeys are worth 11c per pound, live weight. Dressed turkeys, Smith's Falls, 18c per pound.

BUTTER—Creamery—The market is weaker owing to larger offerings. The price has declined 1c. We quote now for fresh June make, factory points, 16c per pound.

BUTTER—Dairy—There is no change in the market for this butter as supply is running about the same as last week and there is good demand. We quote round lots 11c per pound commission basis for tubs, and 13c for prints. Prints are not wanted at all as they will not keep now.

CHEESE—Offerings are larger and the market has declined 1c. Dealers are now paying 11½c per pound for new Manitoba cheese delivered here.

EGGS—The market is well supplied with eggs. Buyers are still paying 10c per dozen for fresh case lots, here delivered.

DRESSED MEATS—Hogs are steady at last week's price. We quote: Beef, city dressed, 8 to 9c per lb.; veal, 7½c to 8½c; mutton, 11c; spring lambs, each, 83.50 to \$4.50; hogs, per pound, 50c to \$1.00.

WOOL—6 to 6½c per pound for un-washed fleece delivered here.

Tallow—Local buyers are paying 5 to 6c per pound for tallow delivered here, according to grade.

SENECA ROOT—Some small lots of root have offered here this week, and sold at a price in the neighborhood of 35c per pound. Dealers are not now willing to quote more than 34c as they believe that as soon as the roads dry up root will begin to come in. The above prices are for clean, dry root, delivered at Winnipeg.

HIDES—No. 1 city hides, 6½c; No. 2's, 5½c; and No. 3's, 4½c. Kips and calf the same price as hides; deakins, 25 to 40c; slunks, 10 to 15c; horse hides 50c to \$1.00.

SHOES—6 to 6½c per pound for un-washed fleece delivered here.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES LA GRIPPE.

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